

*Annie Price Carr,  
Queens College.*

# THE PRINCESS



RED CROSS NUMBER



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# : THE PRINCESS :

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:: THE PRINCESS ::

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# The American Red Cross

[We are pleased to begin our Red Cross Number with the following contribution from Sgt. Ernest J. Davis, 5th Mass. Inf. U. S. N. G., Camp Greene.]

*Listen, listen, all ye people,  
Hear the din of awful strife,  
Hear the booming of the cannon,  
See the frightful loss of life,  
Note the "bird-man," high ascending,  
Hurling javelins of hate,  
Hear the shriek of shell and shrapnel,  
Bursting near the city's gate.  
Hear the roar of mines, exploding,  
Hear the rattle of the guns,  
Hear the clash of steel resounding  
'Gainst the helmets of the Huns.*

\* \* \*

*War is just what Sherman called it,  
Well he knew it's awful cost,  
Knew it's toll of mangled bodies,  
And the thousands counted "lost."  
Knew the broken homes and families,  
Knew the pain and anguish where  
Wife and mother, by their firesides  
Knelt, each day, in fervent prayer.  
Well he knew the awful suffering  
Of the soldiers, in the fray,  
Wounded, bleeding, often dying,  
No one near to help, or pray.*

\* \* \*

*All these things today are happening,  
Yet, one gleam of light we see,  
'Tis a band of faithful workers,  
Bringing aid from o'er the sea.  
Willing hands to nurse the soldiers  
Bind their wounds, and still their pain,  
That the torn and shattered bodies,  
Be restored to health again.  
Let us then be very thankful,  
And this faithful band endorse,  
Aid them freely, they deserve it,  
Our AMERICAN RED CROSS!*

## "By Their Works Ye Shall Know Them"

MARGARET WILKINSON

It seems impossible and is certainly incredible that there can be any one in existence to-day who is unfamiliar with the red cross on the white background and the organization whose symbol it is. There are many people, however, who know very little about the origin or early organization of this society, which strives so earnestly to mingle with the curses of the war the mercy of Christian kindliness.

During the Crimean war and in the Austro-Italian wars, which were carried on during the period between 1854 and 1859, the great need of some organization to secure neutral rights and protection for wounded soldiers was strongly in evidence. An international conference held at Geneva in 1863 was the means through which general rules were drawn up and by which the organization of Red Cross societies was established in forty-four different countries.

In the next year, according to an international treaty of Geneva, all hospitals and hospital officials, and all people in any way engaged in attending the sick and wounded in war were treated as neutral parties. In each of the forty-four countries, moreover, committees were formed to co-operate with the hospital service of the armies in time of war. An international committee at Geneva was also appointed to centralize Red Cross efforts and give out information in the "Bulletin International."

The first war to bring the Red Cross service into activity was that of 1866, in Germany, Austria, and Italy, and before the war was over this society proved the incalculable value of the organization. The next call on the service was the Franco-Prussian war. At this time an amount of over fifteen million dollars was raised and used. With this amount more than one hundred thousand wounded men were cared for. The work of the Red Cross thus went on.

Between 1876 and 1878, moreover, when Turkey, Servia, Montenegro, Greece, and Russia, became embroiled, another



call came to the society. It was at this time that the Red Cross service met with opposition. The Turkish organization regarded it as of religious significance, and so violent was their prejudice that a red crescent was substituted for the red cross in order to secure the speediest recognition and co-operation.

As late as 1882, although America had had many members under the organization formed in 1863, and had always sent help whenever there was a call, a National Branch of the Red Cross had not yet been formed. One was that year organized under the influence of Miss Clara Barton. It was for the relief of suffering by war, by pestilence, by famine, by flood, by fires, and by other calamities of sufficient magnitude to be deemed national in extent. Miss Barton was the first president of the National Branch of the Red Cross. At first no laws were passed to regulate Red Cross work, but sympathetic and patriotic men and women as individuals or united in societies were at liberty to assist and to co-operate with the Red Cross in providing nurses and in raising whatever money the service required. When needed, this co-operation was active in every state and in most of the territories.

In 1886 the first great cry to the American organization came from the State of Texas, which had just been opened. The poor people had been lured to this wild section by marvelous tales told by speculators who had built railroads into that barren land. These people had three years of drought, and they were for this reason at the point of starvation, when the Red Cross went to their aid and by an appeal to the government, help was sent immediately to the sufferers.

A great flood swept Johnstown in 1889 and it was the Red Cross which came to the aid of the people. Water was standing two feet deep on Pennsylvania Avenue, and there was scarcely a house which was safe to enter. When the Red Cross helpers reached the scene, the waters had subsided and those of the inhabitants who had escaped the fate of their fellows were gazing over the scene of destruction, dazed by the realization of the calamity. For five months the Red Cross workers were amid this destruction and devastation, and with four million dollars which was given for



this work many were saved from starvation and homes were provided for those who were homeless.

The American Red Cross, moreover, did not stop with helping the people at home. When the cry of the Russian people who were at starvation's door came to America the spirit of help spread over the country and thus the American Red Cross was the agency through which aid was sent across the sea to those who were in need. Not only was aid sent to famished Russia, but when the news of the Armenian massacres, in 1896, reached America, the Red Cross was the organization first to send help.

In 1900 a cry for help came from Galveston. The sea had overleaped its bounds and victims by thousands were under its grasp. To the Red Cross this was almost like the clang of a fire-bell, and the drop of the harness. The Red Cross clans commenced to gather and in a short time helpers had reached the scene of destruction only to find it worse than described. But the Red Cross did not fail in its attempt to give assistance when it was essential.

As the years have passed such incidents as these have occurred again and again, and in every case the Red Cross societies have never been lacking in their untiring efforts of helping those who need assistance. But never has there been the enthusiasm, or the realization of, the vast work of the National Red Cross as with the outbreak of the present war. It is impossible to overestimate the real assistance that they are rendering in the war. The most extravagant praise could not do the cause of the Red Cross justice.

## Only an Incident of the War

LAVINIA BOYER

Boo-oo-ooz-szt-boom! That shell burst over in the field somewhere. It was a stray one, not shot at any particular mark, just one of those shells which the enemy sends to annoy us. They were certainly the ones which irritated the nerves of Miss Rosalie Anderson. They always came along so unexpectedly, when she had driven her ambulance out of the range of the heavy fire and there had been a long interval of quiet, long enough to rouse confidence in her that she would get her ambulance to the hospital. Then all of a sudden, one of those shells would burst within about twenty yards of her, just barely missing upsetting her ambulance, and startling her out of the hopes that the few minutes of peace had raised. She did not mind the constant heavy rain of shells—well, of course it kept her excited enough, and she always dreaded going that close to the trenches—but then it did not startle her to have one fall nearby, for it was expected.

Miss Rosalie Anderson was a native of Cincinnati, Ohio. She had been teaching English in Hughes High School there for two winters before the war. The last year before the war she had had a delightful time with the new French teacher.

The following summer he had gone to France, and when war was declared, he had volunteered his services to the French government. They had put him in the trenches. After three years he had risen to a captain. Popularity as well as bravery had made him, a foreigner, a captain in the French army. He had such a sunny disposition. He was such a jolly companion. He never became excited when they made a charge, but remained calm and self-possessed. He was brave also and had had his exciting experience when he captured a dozen German officers in a dugout. He had taken the praise as coolly as he had performed the act, attributing his success to accident only. And then came the reward of merit and bravery, his captaincy. And he was



not at all conceited about himself. He was proud to be a captain though, for he was human.

Miss Rosalie Anderson, being able to drive any kind of car and anxious to get into the war in some way, had volunteered six months ago as an ambulance driver for the French government. She was accepted and then life became one series of bumps, anxieties, thrills, blow-outs, and mad races between shells and around holes with her load of torn and bleeding humanity. Sometimes the joy of safely reaching the hospital was lessened upon the discovery that the trip was in vain for some of the poor fellows. At first she used to weep nearly all her "off time," brooding over the pitiful sights impressed on her memory. But soon she had become used to it, not hardened to it, and she no longer wept. She had learned to make herself forget in order to prevent madness.

Then the sun shone into her life again. She met up with the captain. They recalled their pleasant times in Cincinnati. They began to see each other frequently, almost every day, for a few minutes. The few other Americans in their vicinity were unknown to them before they met in France, so they clung to each other like two frightened children. And thus closely associated together, with each fearing death for the other, a secret came to exist between them. They loved each other. At first they thought of nothing but their love for each other. They tasted its joy to the fullest.

One day, he told her that they would go "over the top" the next morning. This hastened matters and they agreed to marry when the battle should be over.

The fighting kept on for two days and nights, and was so intense that no ambulance ventured into the shell storm. Then the third night there was a lull in the constant thundering. All of the ambulances rushed to the front, Miss Rosalie Anderson's not among the last.

Then after they had filled all of the space except one in her ambulance, they had carried up a form so mud-stained and spattered with blood that she had hardly recognized in that figure the captain, whom she was to wed on the morrow. She did not faint, for she had been schooling herself for just such a sight during those nights when she could not

sleep for the terrible noise and for thinking of him out in it all, exposed to danger. She was shocked badly at first, but she felt that she must get him to the hospital quickly. She felt all the weight of her responsibility. Her fate seemed to be in her own hands.

She started the machine and sped along with a prayer on her lips, that grew to a demand as the seconds passed. She felt she had a right to the happiness she had just stumbled upon and that God was unjust if He should let this last passenger die.

That shell which burst in the field there roused her to a sense of her duty of concentrating upon her driving. And it was well it did, for there in front of her was a peculiar something, a big black hole, and she had almost driven into it. Two sounds like pistol shots pierced her eardrums, and she knew that three tires were flat now. Still she kept on. She passed the corner where the broken-down machine of Mr. Early was still huddled, and missed the stone just beyond it with the precision of one who knew where every stone in the road was. Mr. Early had taught her where those stones were, for it was necessary to know because they had to drive without lights.

The next night a friend had found him dead with his wounded, and his machine smashed by a shell.

What was the trouble now? Something was wrong with the engine. She had no time to fool. She must get the captain to the hospital. One of the stretcher-bearers came up to help her with the engine. It was all right now. The machine was going. Another shell burst on the road about a hundred yards in front of her, creating a big gap and making it necessary for her to run the machine on the gentle slope of the hill to get around the big hole. She could hear the groans of the wounded inside as she ran around the hole. That poor boy was calling "Mother" again. She hoped the captain was not badly hurt. She wanted him to get well soon. Of course tomorrow would not be her wedding day, but what did she care about putting it off, if only he would soon be well. She would see him oftener than ever now. Maybe he would be sent back to America when he got well.



Ambulance No. 47 did not report at the hospital that night.

A few weeks later the Red Cross received this report:

"Ambulance No. 47, driver Miss Rosalie Anderson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A., blown to pieces with driver and wounded by explosion of a big shell, November 8, 1917."

## "A Gentleman in Fur"

HELEN E. LETHCO

"A Gentleman in Fur" is the name applied by Herbert Collingwood to the wonderful Red Cross dog that has saved thousands of lives.

The dog that has had the greatest dependence placed on him and has won the laurels in this war is the breed known as the German shepherd dog. In Germany, this dog for generations has been the guardian, the friend, the companion day and night, to the sheep that have been pastured on fenceless roadsides, where the slightest wandering to the right or left would either obstruct the highway or encroach on lawns and parks. There are also traits found in this dog that are in on other breed.

In appearance the German shepherd is very much like a Rocky Mountain timber wolf—gray, or gray-black, or gray-brown, with short, fine hair, nose and ears of wolf-hound type, fore and hind legs like a race courser with an easy rocking-horse stride, deep-chested, flat-ribbed, flat-stomached, and strong in the hind legs like a tiger. The German shepherd dog would go to his death in defense of his master or of children.

The dog is an aristocrat as to price. A pure-blood puppy costs anywhere from \$900 to \$1,800, and \$5,000 is the price for a trained worker. To train these dogs for the Red Cross work takes patience—gentle patience.

A woman once asked Mrs. Warner, owner of the Leivano Kennels, who trains German shepherds, what a certain dog was worth.

Mrs. Wanner replied, "Money does not exist in this world that would buy her."

In the terrific long-range gunfire over blasted areas of from ten and twenty-five miles, Red Cross workers would be helpless in finding the wounded were it not for the trained Red Cross dogs. They have saved the lives of countless wounded men, who would have died where they lay, had it



not been for these wonderful dogs. The whole story of their work can never be told.

Not long ago a hospital attendant was walking through the court of a soldiers' convalescent home, leading a German shepherd, when a man nearby, who was encased in splints, and bandages began to make sounds of joy when he saw the dog. The attendant went to the invalid who told his story as he lovingly fondled the dog.

He had been a scout at Rheims and was lying in thick underbrush with two companions when a shrapnel burst over their heads, killing the man's friends instantly and badly wounding him.

Night fell, the only light being the bombs that went bursting through the sky. He was lying in the underbrush and there was not a chance in a thousand of anyone getting to him. He was too badly wounded to help himself at all, and the only prospect was a long-drawn-out death where he lay.

Suddenly he felt someone near and as he opened his eyes he saw a Red Cross dog peering into his face to see if there were any signs of life about him at all. As soon as the man blinked his eyes the dog either tugged his cap from under him, or tore a strip from his tangled blood-soaked coat, or dug a handkerchief out of his pocket—as they often do when they can get nothing else—and was off as quickly and as silently as he had come.

The next thing the man knew he was being gently carried to the nearest hospital by the stretcher-bearers whom the dog had brought to him.

No one wonders that that man had tears in his eyes as he told his story and fondled the Red Cross dog. He will never call such an animal "only a dog," nor will he ever dare to abuse one again, even in a fit of anger.

Then, late one night a Red Cross dog was heard barking furiously. He was found standing over an officer who had both thighs broken. When the wounded officer felt the dog tugging at him he grabbed the dog around the neck and would not let him go. So the only way for the dog to signal help was to bark until the stretcher-bearers came, which they soon did.

Sometimes the dogs find a child almost unconscious from

starvation; sometimes they will come upon an old person dying with fear; but always, whenever a human living creature remains, the Red Cross dogs will nose him out, tear off a cap, a shoe, or a strip of clothing, and scout, low-crouching, back the the Red Cross workers, whom they guide to the sufferer.

"Do dogs think?" someone asked a Red Cross worker, who was working with the dumb members of the ambulance corps.

"Do dogs think?" he repeated. "Do human beings think? If these Red Cross dogs don't go to heaven, then Peter can turn me back when I go there."

## De Enemy

MARGARET RUCKER

*Yes, sir, dat's what dey done tole me,—  
 Dat we'se in war wid,—lemme see—,  
 Hits quare, I plum fergits jes who;  
 Hit twan't ner Christun ner twan't ner Jew,—  
 Seems lak hit started off wid a Hin,  
 But, shucks, I'll neber think it up ergin!*

*Lor, chile, I hain't er b'lievin dat's right  
 Bout'n bin er long time in dis here fight;  
 Case I'se er bin er list'nin' good,—  
 An' I hears jes lak I allays could;  
 But de wedder do keep me stove up so  
 Dat I can't git erbout to fin' out mo.*

*Why, chile, in de war, what's already bin,  
 De way dem white folks fit wuz sin;  
 I can't ricolleck jes what dey dun  
 'Case dis here nigger knowed how ter run.  
 But dey'd tote off all de wuz in sight  
 'Thout axin' 'tall ef hit wuz wrong or right.*

*I gis de fits some new-fangled way  
 An' not lak de done in ouber day;  
 I wud lack ter know who stirred up de fuss,  
 An' wonders ef dey're scrapin' 'bout us,  
 An' soon ez I'se better uf rheumatiz,  
 I'se gwine ter fin' out who de enemy is!*



## The American Red Cross at Home

DIXIE REID

Since the beginning of the great world war, the American Red Cross has been at work over a large field. It is attempting to respond to the appeal for relief that has come over seas from the bleeding countries of Europe. Few of us realize, however, that the organization has not turned its back upon the people at home and their needs, but that enterprises are being carried on just as diligently as ever. In the thirty-six years of work in America, it has studied the conditions, learning where it may most serviceably place its aid.

An organization for disaster relief was formed by the Red Cross in the first decade of its existence. The floods, tornadoes, earthquakes and fires afford an ample supply of work for the organization, which provides food, clothes, and shelter to those affected by the disaster.

To encourage graduate nurses to prepare for public health nursing in the small towns and rural districts, several Red Cross Chapters have offered scholarships to qualified nurses for an eight months' course in public nursing, given in several large cities of the United States. There are nearly one hundred nurses now at work, under the Town and County Nursing Service, in the rural districts. They not only act as nurses, but as teachers of hygiene and sanitation. When the confidence of the people has been gained, the nurses see rewards for their labor in the improvement of conditions.

The First Aid division of the Red Cross has organized ten thousand classes on first aid and has issued seventy-five thousand certificates of proficiency. These classes may be found in cities, rural districts, factory communities, mining and logging camps, and in many places where there is a constant danger of accident.

The Division of the First Aid has a staff of physicians who deliver illustrated lectures on First Aid in shock, accident prevention, sanitation, and personal hygiene.

The fight by the Red Cross against tuberculosis has been a

faithful one. Sanitariums have been built and equipped for the cure of it over the United States. This work has been supported by voluntary contributions and by the sale of Red Cross Christmas stamps.

The war and the evident needs caused by it have opened the hearts of many people formerly interested in the work of the Red Cross. By this generous support from the people, the Red Cross has been able to aid the government in its military relief.

On May 10, 1917, President Wilson created within the Red Cross a War Council to which was entrusted the duty of responding to the extraordinary demands made upon the services of the Red Cross by the present war. The first work of the War Council was to secure a fund of about one hundred million dollars to begin the work entrusted to them.

In working for the Army and Navy the Red Cross aims:

"First: To co-operate with the medical service of the Army and Navy by recruiting, organizing and equipping base hospitals and other hospital and ambulance units which may be called into service at the discretion of the Army or Navy Medical Corps; by handling special problems of health and sanitation which accompany the establishment of numerous cantonments, camps, and naval stations; by stimulating the regular manufacture of surgical dressings and hospital supplies of such sort and in such quantity that Army and Navy hospitals wherever located shall not be handicapped by lack of these necessary supplies.

"Secondly: To co-operate with the Army and Navy and with other established agencies in promoting the comfort and welfare of men in training in this country or en route to camps and training stations."

Two years before the United States entered the war the Department of Military Relief of the Red Cross began to organize, at important hospitals and medical schools, groups of doctors and nurses who could be called into active service at any time; and when the United States entered the war, six complete units were ready for service. There are now fifty units for the Army and five for the Navy. A typical unit contains twenty-two surgeons and physicians, two den-

tists, sixty-five Red Cross nurses and one hundred and fifty-two of the enlisted Reserve Corps. Others are detailed to the unit when it is mustered into the Army Medical Corps.

The Red Cross has mustered into the Army Medical Corps forty-five ambulance companies, a total of five thousand, five hundred and eighty men. One company is on the Mexican border, twelve in France, and thirty-two in cantonments and camps. These companies have been equipped by the Red Cross. The purchase of these equipments amounted to nearly one million, eight hundred thousand dollars.

The War Council has authorized the creation of four mobile laboratory units for emergency service at military cantonments, naval stations, and other troop centers. Each unit will be housed in a Pullman car in readiness for quick dispatch to any camp in need of such service.

The Bureau of Sanitary Service of the Red Cross aids the Public Health Service in its control of sanitary conditions in the communities adjacent to army encampments and naval stations. This is done by the organization of a "Sanitary Unit," consisting of a group of bacteriologists, sanitary inspectors, and Red Cross public health nurses. The unit is supplied with funds to provide for necessary equipment, transportation, and continued expense.

The general work of the Sanitary Unit is to establish a public health laboratory kept by a competent bacteriologist to examine the water and milk supplies and to assist in the determination of infectious diseases; to make a house-to-house inspection in the whole district; to make regular inspections of sanitary conditions in the communities about the camps; to establish systematic inspection for dairies, milk depots, restaurants, and all places where food is sold; to report all infectious diseases promptly and to have each case visited by an inspector or public health nurse to instruct the attendants and to see that the instructions are carried out.

In some of the Southern districts, special work is necessary for the prevention of malaria. Every precaution is taken, in the military reservation, by the military authorities to eliminate mosquitoes. This would be useless, however, if the mosquitoes were allowed to thrive in the surrounding



country, therefore the military authorities take charge of it and carry out the same principles for it as for other sanitary work.

These measures protect the health of both soldier and civilian as the increase of the population by the establishment of a camp tends to bring about unsanitary conditions which require additional efforts to control.

The Red Cross is trying to keep in constant touch with the soldiers and sailors, and to look after their comfort and welfare. It is rendering emergency aid in providing comforts for the men, such as comfort kits, knitted articles, sweaters, helmets, mufflers, and wristlets.

Another emergency aid rendered by the Red Cross is that of refreshing the troops en route. This work, done by the Refreshment Units, has proved itself to be very successful in furnishing light refreshments for the troops on short notice.

The "Attention Service" has become as popular as the Refreshment Service. Its object is to handle all mail sent out by the soldiers. The unit has stamped and mailed an average of over five thousand pieces of mail per day.

The soldiers and sailors are brought in touch with chapters of the Red Cross in their home towns, which are prepared to extend relief to families dependent on soldiers and sailors.

The Red Cross aided in making a memorable Christmas for the soldiers on Christmas of 1916, when the soldiers were on the Mexican border, and again in 1917, when they were preparing to win the greatest victory recorded in history. A packet containing a few useful gifts and holiday treats was sent to every man in active service.

There are indeed many phases to the work of this organization besides that of the Ambulance Corps and Hospital Units on the battlefronts. The work carried on at home is no less glorious. It, too, consists in the sowing of the hundred-fold seed.

## Her War

ELIZABETH BRUNS.

In a hospital in France, Alice Vernon sat on the side of her cot, rebelling against the circumstances that held her in France. At the beginning of the war she had stayed because she wanted to, later because her conscience made her. Now she was wondering how she could get back to America without being called a slacker.

She had gone into the field hospital for the sake of being able to say she had served there, and for the fascination and romance that she thought was in it. But when she found that conditions were so bad, she was ashamed to let people know that she wanted to go home.

There were few nurses and still fewer doctors. There was Dr. Chapman, the head physician, who was worn out, yet did not seem to think that other people should be, or at least he thought they should not show it. Every one was worn to the breaking point. It seemed as if there would never be a hold-up in the line of wounded that came pouring in. How they were going to stand it much longer was more than she could see. There were the girls with their feet and ankles so swollen that they could hardly walk, with their nerves ready to snap in two, and so pale that they looked like their own ghosts.

"Miss Vernon, will you relieve Miss Du Fay in the gas ward at five-thirty?" Dr. Chapman always spoke his commands in the form of questions.

Alice had always had a horror of that gas ward. She had always hurried by it, for to hear those poor men groaning and struggling for breath was almost more than she could stand. Now, she decided, she simply was not going to go there. Felicia Du Fay was there because she was French and it was her war; Adele Brent was slaving there because she was a Canadian and it was her war; those Belgian women were washing bandages because it was their war; but why should she, Alice Vernon, of Virginia, have to go in the gas ward? She was not going to do it. She was

going to pack what clothes she had left and go home. She could hear the big guns roaring along the lines. They fairly shook the building as they bellowed out their death charges. Why should she, an American, have to listen to, and see all that?

She even got her suitcase out before she thought what a quitter she was being. Poor Felicia had been in that gas ward for almost twenty-four hours. She had no one to go home to, so why not stay and help, even though it did kill her finally. She was sitting on her sheetless cot,—for sheets had gone long ago for bandages—, when some one knocked at the door.

"Come," she called.

"Miss Vernon—you are going to leave us?" asks Dr. Chapman with surprise. "I am sorry."

"I was, but I'm not now," she answered, without moving.

"Miss Vernon," he began again in his blunt fashion, "I just came to tell you that America has declared war—on Germany."

Now—why now it was her war too! Now she would not go home even if they wanted her to. She held out her hand to the doctor and clasped it in the way that one might have who had at last found some consolation on a rough road.



## Uncle Sam Takes Inventory

ELIZABETH MCCLUNG

For a long time I had been gazing into the fire. Suddenly I observed the figure of Uncle Sam pacing before a few glowing coals huddled together in one corner of the fireplace. His hat was old and worn, his suit was threadbare in many places, and his shoes were patched. As he walked to and fro, stroking his long, white beard restlessly, his haggard expression told of anxiety.

Once he stopped to put another lump of coal on the fire, but as a boy in khaki loomed up before him, he carefully laid it down again. Then I saw him smiling sadly at hundreds of camps, which were in turn soon replaced by countless vacant offices. However, these stared him in the face a few minutes only, because competent girls soon filled all empty desks.

Next, long lines of soldiers were winding their way to the "Mess Halls," but beside these he saw Americans eating happily either a wheatless, meatless, or sweetless meal. In another second, uniforms, guns, ammunition, ships, and aeroplanes, all made their appearance, inclosed in a question mark that faded away as the Liberty Loan Bonds came pouring down.

Later the snow flakes began to fall on the camps, on the ships which were tossing upon the waves, on the navies in the air, and on the network of bloody trenches. But once more his face radiated satisfaction as he saw numbers of girls swiftly weaving gray, blue, and khaki wool into warm sweaters, scarfs, helmets, socks and wristlets. These took wings as soon as they were finished and speedily flew with their warmth and comfort to shivering soldier lads.

Now, a pitiful cry came from No Man's Land that made me shudder. Such a cry I have never heard before. It made me heartsick. Uncle Sam seemed scarcely able to endure it. Nevertheless, we soon smiled with joy. A little nurse in white, bearing a red cross upon her forehead, came towards the bed in which he had been placed. After she

counted his pulse, took his temperature, and made him as comfortable as possible, she came towards me, just as if I were another soldier. She laid her hand upon my brow.

When I raised my eyes to hers, I found my mother's hand upon my brow and looked into mother's smile; I answered with mine. But the dream is not yet effaced from my memory.

## Editorials

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### THE NEW YEAR.

The new year is well upon us now and we look forward to the things it holds in store with the keenest interest. Above all years, this, the year nineteen hundred and eighteen, challenges us to do our best. The fact that the future of our own college hangs in the balance is sufficient cause for us to begin the second term with the resolution to live and work in all departments of our college life with increased zeal and earnestness of purpose. This spirit is needed in the magazine work as well as elsewhere. Editors alone can never make a periodical a success. The support of the students and alumnae, generous contributions, and the interest of friends and subscribers are all necessary. Let us make the *Princess* bigger and better and altogether more worthwhile.

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### THE RED CROSS NUMBER.

It is to be the policy of the Staff to publish during the year several special issues of the *Princess*. Accordingly this month we present to our readers a Red Cross Number. The main purpose of this issue is to show our interest in the society. Although no college Red Cross Chapter has been organized yet, the girls are deeply interested and are doing some work through other chapters. With the beginning of the new term classes in First Aid and Surgical Dressings are to be organized.

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### RED CROSS WORK FOR SCHOOL GIRLS.

How their lives can be fitted into the great national scheme of patriotic activity is a question asked by every pupil. It is important that the boys remain at their books with increased application. The Red Cross has provided a work for the girls. A plan has been worked out by Anna Hedges Talbot, specialist in the vocational training for girls in the University of the State of New York.



There are numbers of pupils in training under special teachers for sewing and cooking. These pupils can help furnish standardized supplies for the Red Cross. In some states, school officials have authorized the sewing classes to do work for the Red Cross as a part of the regular class work. In New York State, one hundred and forty-five cities sent in work records, which have now totalled about twenty-five thousand articles made by three thousand girls averaging one school hour a day.

This work shows the large possibilities for usefulness if this effort receives public support. At present less than one per cent of the girls available for such have entered into it. If this work were made national, the output would be thirty million articles every six weeks. These would include hospital supplies, bed linen, pajamas, socks, surgical dressings, bandages, knitted jackets and mufflers, surgeon's gowns, and many other articles needed.

Many schools have in connection with Domestic Science departments, school kitchens where children whose fathers have become recruits and whose mothers are necessarily wage earners, may be served lunches. Another important phase of cooking classes would be the teaching of mothers how best to purchase, plan, and prepare nourishing meals under the restrictions of war-time food supply.

Besides helping the Red Cross, these activities are good training for the girls. It trains them in attaining speed and skill. Best of all, it is a source of inspiration of the highest type; it helps the girls to forget their own selfishness in their endeavors to relieve suffering.

This plan shows that there is work to be done here in America as well as in France. Thousands of men are now offering their lives for the cause of freedom and democracy. There is no one who cannot be of service in this time of widespread stress and need.

L. A.

## Locals

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### THE WORK OF THE SOCIETIES.

The Pierian Literary Society has had the misfortune of losing a very capable president. At the last meeting the society elected as new president, Miss Mary Liles, and as new secretary, Miss Lavinia Boyer, who will be inaugurated at the next meeting of the society.

This interruption, however, has not retarded the literary work. The programs have been interesting and instructive and have reflected credit upon the members.

The Gamma Sigma Society has settled down to hard work after the interruption for the Christmas holidays. The many phases of the war have been ably discussed. One program took up the great work of the American Red Cross. The other programs have taken up the Present Day Movements and Current Events.

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### COLLEGE STATISTICS.

The college statistics for the Annual have been taken. The student body was excited and interested to a high degree in fathoming out the various talents found within it. Good feeling was in evidence throughout the entire election, which it must be admitted, came out with many surprises. The *Princess* congratulates the winners of new-found glory.

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### EXAMINATIONS OVER.

With the slogan "Cram On, and On, and On," the past few days the student body has again passed through examination period. There were, to be sure, many brainstorms caused by the occurrence, but now the ordeals are over and every one is calmly back at her old work. Of course, mid-terms have been the source of inspiration for "new term" resolutions, and much fine moralizing.

## THE PINES.

With a feeling of genuine sadness we have seen many of the beautiful pine trees cut down from our campus and carried away. These trees were indeed splendid specimens, and will be missed, although we still have many beautiful oaks and dogwoods. Since they are gone, however, we are glad to learn that our Camp Greene soldiers are to gain some comfort from them. We hope the trees will not whisper any of our secrets to them.



## Editor's Table

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The Christmas number of the *Winthrop Journal* is one of the most attractively written magazines that has come into our hands, and shows a considerable amount of ingenuity on the part of the editors and contributors. The editorials are well written and quite appropriate for the season. "Straight From the Front" gives the experiences of a Red Cross nurse, told in letters written home, and seems to us to deserve its place in the front of the magazine.

A very interesting edition is the December number of the *Trinity Archive*. The essays are especially good. "Caesar's Head: The Famous Rock and Its Legend," "Some Aspects of the Work at Camp Greene," and "History of the Dividing Line" are cleverly written essays, and all three are interesting topics of the day. *The Archive*, we notice, is the only magazine that has come to us this month with something to show for its Alumni Department.

"From the Diary of a Japanese Student" is a spicy contribution to the December *University of North Carolina Magazine*. There are also some good stories in this number, and several articles pertaining to the University life.

*The Radiant* has rather a unique idea for a college magazine in the form of a continued story, and "The Eye of the Idol" is very creditable to its author.

Among other valuable exchanges are copies of the *State Normal Magazine* and the *Pine and Thistle* from Flora Macdonald.

## Queens Jester

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### IFS.

If you can get maple sugar from a maple tree, and turpentine from a pine tree, can you get current jelly from a telegraph pole?

If a man brought suit, would a tailor press it?

If a fiddle is wood, is a trom-bone?

If a duck can swim, can a spar-row?

If a horse nibbles grass, can a cat-nip-tea?

If a thief is crooked, is a magistrate?

If a blind man fell into the ocean, would he sea salt?

If a boat should sink, would a safety razor?

If it takes two cups to make a pint, how much would it take to Phil-a-delphia?

If a cook gets his pay, what does the coffee urn?

If a lady fainted at the post office, would a letter carrier home?

If a knife and fork made love, could the tea-spoon? It could if the coffee stood its grounds.

---

Innocent Freshman: "Oh, Tina, I got a perfectly thrilling looking letter from Camp Jackson and I didn't even get to read it."

Tina: "Why, how's that?"

Innocent Freshman: "Why, in one corner it had 'please return in five days,' and it had already been mailed three days; so, I sent it right back to him."

---

Teacher (in Fitting School English): "What was *Washington's Farewell Address*?"

"Heaven," promptly replied the good pupil.

---

Ask Margaret Wilkinson the relation between a leviathan and the Levites?

Addie Smith astonished the Sophomore English Class the other day in a discussion of prosody with the following statement: "I know you can have six feet."

---

V. Johnson (diligently reviewing history): "Winifred, how long did the Hundred Years War last?"

---

Professor (in Psychology class): "To be a success in anything one must begin at the bottom."

Bright Pupil: "How about swimming?"

---

Lavinia: "What is our English IV?"

Margaret: "Search me, I don't know why we have English."

---

If a man at a restaurant ordered a lobster and ate it, and a lady did the same, what would be the latter's telephone number?

It would be "8-1-2."

---

M. McQueen (quoting the closing lines of *Lyidas*): "Thus sang the uncouth *swine* to the vales and hills."

---

Miss Scott: "I can see good in all things."

Miss Wine: "Can you see good in a fog?"

---

Mary: "V. Morrison is a girl that suffers a lot for her belief."

Laurie: "What's her belief?"

Mary: "She believes she can wear a No. 2 shoe on a No. 5 foot."

---

What is the largest word in the dictionary?

"Rubber," you can stretch it.

---

Two girls were discussing their beaux, when one suddenly asked, "Is he a frat. man?"

"No, indeed, he is real tall and very slim," came the innocent reply.



M. Arrington (in English class): "What figure of speech is *Areopogitica*?"

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"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"—Mary Dove.

---

Lost—A gold watch by a young girl with Swiss movements.

---

Mary Liles (discussing the rashness of young Romeo in Shakespeare class): "The rashest thing he ever did was to jump over the fence."

---

Winifred: "What kind of tablets can I take to cure me of being a poet?"

V. S. J.: "Writing tablets."

---

Teacher: "Marjorie, if you said, 'My hours at school are as bright as sunshine,' what figure of speech would that be?"

Marjorie: "Irony."

---

"'Tis Distance lends enchantment."—Camp Greene?

"Study to be quiet."—Law of Library.

"Ancestral voices prophesying war."—The bells that call us to class.

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Corinna: "Why do they paint the inside of a chicken coop?"

Dr. Ninnis: "To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood."

---

Mrs. Shay (speaking hurriedly): "Do you want a straight chair or a crooked one?"

---

Margaret and Mary were cramming for English III exam.

Margaret: "Who in the world is Alcides?"

Mary: "I don't know, but the Alcides means son of."

Margaret: "Oh, I know, he was the son of Alsace and Lorraine."

It was the day after the Pi Delta initiation, when two girls were discussing the church they were to attend, when one asked: "What are you?"

"Oh, I'm a Pi," quickly replied the other.

---

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."—Marjorie?

"As quiet as the lily that sails the pond."—"C. Finley?"

"As idle as a painted ship

Upon a painted ocean."—"The Ivies."

---

"Do you always stutter like that?" asked the doctor examining the recruit.

"N-no, s-sir," was the reply, "only w-when I-I talk."

---

The closing lines from a Sammy's letter to Nell: "A ship full of love, without a submarine in sight."

---

Bessie Chalmers is getting to be quite some poetess. This is her latest (printed in her Chemistry Book):

"If there should be another flood,

For refuge hither fly,

Though all the world would be submerged,

This book would still be dry."

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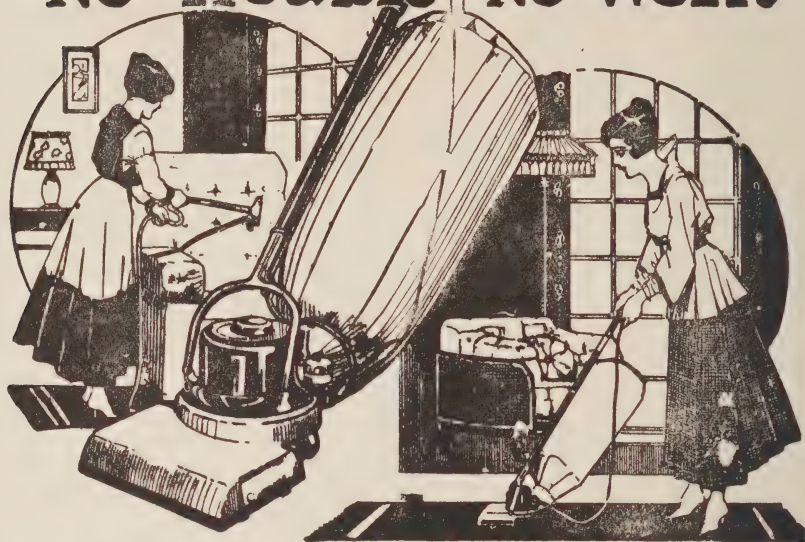
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